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FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1909.

THE ASSAY.

In these hot July days the will and strength of a man have gone finally into the melting pot for a critical assay. The man is William H. Taft and the place is the Conference Committee-room in Washington. The result of this trying-out, as to financial matters at least, will decide whether Mr. Taft or Senator Aldrich is the real leader of the Republican party.

The President's honesty and sincerity are nowhere doubted. It is his force and his backbone that are now called in question. The testing has been put off week by week and month by month, until now no further putting off is possible. The hour has come. Either the utterly selfish reactionaries with which the conference has been packed are to have their way about the bill, or the President is to have his way. The conference was Mr. Taft's own choice as the moment to make his influence felt. Many thought that an earlier moment would have been far better. That a measure "considerably better than the Payne bill" will come out of the conference is on its face hardly imaginable; nor does such information as seeps through the closed doors encourage a more optimistic view. The conference has limitations which do not apply to the whole Congress. Yet such as it is, it is the people's last hope. Its own complexion is pretty bad, and that is why the President stands as the final bulwark between the predators and their prey. If he is found wanting, there will be no comfort anywhere.

At the last Gridiron Club to-do they sung amid roars of postprandial applause, a ballad of which the chorus ran, "Oh, Aren't We Going to Call Him Bill Anymore?" If the President connives at or tolerates the breaking of those promises on which he and his party appealed to the country last year, we doubt a good deal if the people will call him Bill much any more. This would be a little manifestation in itself, but everybody who knows anything at all would understand that it struck pretty deep down into the heart of things.

DARE WE HOPE?

Can it be possible that clear water, very tentatively and timid as a fluttering bird, is actually beginning to draw near and make eyes at the city of Richmond? So many times has this frolicsome coquette appeared to hover near, so many times have we flung out clutching hands, only to wake and find that it was all a shimmering and iridescent dream, that confidence, as Wall Street might remark, has become somewhat impaired. Predictions are unsafe, prognostications wild and temerarious. A hoodoo, an Olympian curse, has seemed to lie upon us too grim and heavy to be broken. Men speak of hope with bated breath and promptly touch wood.

Yet that test the other day, humbly let it be whispered, did invite the dull heart to pluck up courage. Five hundred and thirty feet of Flume Number 2 undoubtedly behaved like a brick. It carried its lively freight with all the ability and aplomb of a new fire hose. Not a leak, not a crack, not a complaint, not an apology, not a single ghastly reminiscence of the sad old days. Construction work on the same hopeful plans and specifications, is going forward rapidly toward completion. Reckless and defiant characters are already referring to November in louder voices than seems to us at all safe. Yet, truly, the soothsayers have given us no real sign that the gods have laid Richmond under a dire aquatic curse, to have herself forever in rich and rosy mud. Other cities have contrived by hook or crook to filter their baths, and after all—the table top reverberates to the lusty thump—why not, some day, some hour, Richmond? We own, with some nervous misgivings, that we feel decidedly encouraged.

THE EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT.

The Times-Dispatch's educational supplement last year was generally conceded, we believe, to have been the largest and most complete thing of the kind ever attempted by an American newspaper. The supplement this year is larger and more complete than last. There are 124 separate advertisements in the issue this year as compared with 122 last year; over forty-eight pages of advertising, as compared with forty-six pages; 2,910 inches, as compared with 2,790 inches. This comparison is particularly interesting in view of the recollection that when The Times-Dispatch first undertook to issue an annual supplement devoted to education, it was generally supposed to be tackling the impossible. Yet from the first the value and general usefulness of this feature has been steadily growing. Forty colleges were represented in the supplement of 1906; 84 in 1907; 102 in 1908; 111 this year. Seventy-five per cent. of the colleges which were represented in the supplement in 1906 have been represented in it in each succeeding year. Eighty-two per cent. of these colleges are represented in the present supplement. At the same time the total representation of colleges has increased by no less than 177 per cent. over the issue of three years ago. We obtrude these figures on the editorial page without apology, since they show as nothing else could how useful this supplement has become as a handy directory of Virginia educational institutions. As a medium for enabling Virginia parents to inform themselves as to the claims and merits of various schools, and to make a judicious selection among them to the mutual benefit of both parent and school, there is nothing in the State which can be compared with it.

Tributes to the value of education are not needed in a country whose civilization is built up upon that knowledge as a corner-stone. Yet the statements of President Taft, Vice-President Sherman and the thirty-two Governors of States printed in this issue, make a decidedly unique contribution to current discussion of the educational cause. These dignitaries point out insistently the fundamental relation existing between the schools and the State. The purpose of education is not, of course, to make politicians. But an intelligent and well informed electorate is the basic prerequisite to the proper maintenance of free institutions.

HOW WE TAX OURSELVES FOR BAD ROADS.

In Collier's Agnes C. Laut has collected a formidable array of fact and figure driving home the price we pay for bad roads. The government figures showing the comparative cost of hauling in this country and Europe—23 cents a ton-mile here as against 7 to 9 cents a ton-mile there—are familiar enough. The difference means a sheer waste of $250,000,000 a year, which figure includes only the surplus cost of hauls to railway depots. Adding the waste on hauls to steamship docks, stores and the like, the storage charges on supplies rushed to market ahead of demand in order to be also ahead of the spring muds, the higher price for food growing out of the same causes, Miss Laut figures the total money cost of bad roads runs to $1,000,000,000, which is probably not excessive. This worse than thrown away sum is enough to build 200,000 miles of macadam, at $5,000 a mile, every year If the money were used so, instead of being pitched into a bottomless pit, every mile of road in the United States could be made perfect in ten years.

If the farmer kept a set of books like the manufacturer, as he should do, analyzing in detail the exact cost of his product, he would doubtless be shocked to see how much he would have to charge to his bad roads account. The preposterous haul-cost is the most obvious, but by no means the only item. He can't raise perishable but highly profitable stuff like truck at all if the mudholes cut him off from the market three months in the year. Nor can he market what he does raise when prices are best. He must market when the condition of the roads permit, and take what prices he can. When Western farmers are selling potatoes for pig-feed at 15 cents a bushel, and New Yorkers are buying potatoes at $1, something is evidently wrong with our transportation system, and both farmers and potato-eaters foot the bills.

Then there are the general arguments, all of the first importance. The relation between bad roads and illiteracy is well understood, and amply attested by the figures. So is the relation between roads and population. In twenty-five bad roads counties cited by Miss Laut, the population dwindled by 77,800 in the decade ending 1900. In twenty-five good roads counties—only 40 per cent. of the roads were good at that—the population increased by 778,000 in the same period. We don't know what or where these counties are, and no doubt other causes entered in. But no man in his senses will deny that excellent roads are like a long beckoning finger to new population. Thus the relation of roads to land values comes in. Jackson county, Ala., voted a bond issue of $250,000 to build a long stretch of macadam. The price of land along the line more than doubled before the road was finished. In Amherst county, Va., a bond issue for roads brought in four new settlers whose payments in taxes virtually take care of the entire interest of the bonded debt, at 5 per cent. The Amherst tax-payers have had their land values doubled, tripled, and in some cases quadrupled, at practically no cost to themselves.

There are no two sides to the roads question. Every conceivable argument points always one way. What mid-summer madness has laid hold of us that we go on blindly bleeding ourselves for the misery of maintaining some of the most execrable roads in the world? Out of 2,000,000 miles of United States roads only 140,000 rank as improved. Our thrifty tax-payers sweat to save at the spigot while a torrent of wasted dollars pours unheeded out of the bung. The pound-foolishness of penny-wisdom—to say nothing of the blamed-foolishness of it—could have no sharper illustration.

THE FIGHTING IN PERSIA.

The capture of Teheran by the national army of Persia is not an unqualified victory for national integrity and constitutional liberty. The forces which defeated the Shah's army were not the representatives of a great national party, prepared to carry through a definite policy of reform. They were rather the representatives of a successful party, supported and encouraged by the British and Russians.

Had the Shah kept his promises of two years ago and maintained the constitution he proclaimed at that time, his nation might gradually have been brought into line with Western civilization. But the treachery of the Shah in overthrowing the constitution opened the way for political chaos and anarchy. The Medjliss, the Parliament, failed to formulate any national policy before its dissolution, and some of the leaders stood directly in the way of real reform. Personal ambitions and private causes took the place of a general policy. The Zill-es-Sultan, uncle of the Shah, was quick enough to threaten the life of his nephew's minister, but he refused to lead in any uprising. This lack of leadership and this absence of definite policy threw the whole country into a state of political chaos, "shoolook," which was marked only by the rising of the Bakhtiari tribesmen of the South. In the North, the opposition to the Shah was kept up through the assistance of Cossacks and Russians.

The joint demonstration of Russia and England against Teheran was the incentive to the present rising. Assured of the support of powerful nations, the Bakhtiari tribesmen took the lead and moved against the Shah. If the Russians were to withdraw from Persia, it hardly seems probable that permanent peace would now be restored.

The restoration of the Medjliss and the deposition of the Kadjah dynasty under these circumstances will have little of a national character. Constitutional government may be in store for Persia, but as yet it will only be through the support and protection of England and Russia.

"The Bolivians have cooled down," declares the Baltimore American. We wish to goodness they would explain their system to us.

General Grant's portrait is to be on the new $50 bills. Yet the general, in his day, was not so averse to mixing with the people sometimes.

Undoubtedly the President's interest in baseball would have been more keen and continuing had he chanced to live in a town where the rudiments of the game are understood.

The fresh trouble coming to him through the unearthing of the copper company's hidden books must be Heinze's fifty-eighth variety.

One hundred and eighty million eyes are on you, Mr. President. Look out for the bunker.

At the Imperial Press Conference, Lord Morley remarked: "Journalism is, and must be, in a hurry." As we fly to press, we are pleased to shout to his lordship that the ayes have it.

Hayti might have less trouble if it increased its exports of Pullman porters.

The battling in Teheran may not appear too frightfully serious to American readers, but international courtesy requires them not to refer to it with the accent on the Tehee.

Yet there must sometime come a blessed day of surcease when Evelyn and Harry are no longer in the news.

As an illustration of the way in which the recall works, students of city government may be interested in the case of Ambassador Takahira.

Speaking of reforms, how about throwing out the umpires and installing a bunch of conference committees?

We take it that President Taft is now what the truly cultured writers call a cynosure.

When the customs court is once started, we shall lose no time in starting a tremendous suit against the customs of the people in the flat above.

If the late Mr. Dingley is where he can enjoy a quiet laugh, we have little doubt that he is doing so.

THE SOUTH'S PROBLEM.

Northern Leaders Beginning to Understand the Race Question.

The South is gaining powerful friends. And perhaps not so much friends whose motive is avowed sympathy as merely clear-eyed observers who are just and have courage. By the multiplication of these will her way be made smooth. William Archer completed last winter a long journey of observation through the Southern States. From his conclusions, printed in the July McClure's, we detach two sentences:

"* * * the South is in the main actuated by a just and far-reaching, if not far-seeing, instinct. I believe that the problem, far from being unreal, is so real and so dishearteningly difficult that nothing but an almost superhuman wisdom, energy and courage will ever effectually deal with it."

We wish that these convictions were in the heart of every New Englander who hastily calls a meeting to pass resolutions on the negro problem, and every Northern editor who has a formula, long conventionalized, in which he writes periodically a scolding for the South. In the Outlook the other day Lyman Abbott spoke of his sympathy with the intense feelings of the Southern white, his "strong confirmation" of the enlightened views of President Eliot and Ambassador Bryce about the South's ultimate problem. To these names may be added that of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, survivor of the generation of abolition leaders and commander of a colored regiment during the Civil War. In declining an invitation to attend a conference on the status of the negro, he deplored all such agitation, which makes the problem of the South only more difficult. The day may yet come when the North will formally acknowledge that the South's stubborn refusal since the Civil War to yield an inch of its stand in the matter of the relations of the races was an epochal contribution to the white race in America, which, under the outrageous difficulties which the North pressed down upon the South, could not have been done differently. Probably it would be impossible to prophesy a day more unhappy for this continent than the one on which the Southern white should abate one iota of his race pride.—Collier's Weekly.

NEEDED IN NEW YORK.

Governor Hughes Should Not Accept a Seat on the Supreme Court Bench.

Now the report comes that President Taft is thinking of giving the next appointment to the Supreme Bench to Governor Hughes. Who would wish such an appointment to be made? All the machine politicians of New York State as one man! Incidentally, some of the friends of Senator Root, who see in the Governor a likely obstacle in the Senator's triumphal progress. But Governor Hughes is just where he ought to be in the public service, and it looks as if the public would keep him there. There are many distinguished and able lawyers who could be found to do the judicial closet work of the Supreme Bench. But there are few men of such tried ability in dealing with matters of state and of such unswervable integrity as Governor Hughes. Neither New York nor the country can afford to have such an executive and administrator side-tracked.—Boston Herald.

Borrowed Jingles.

TO-DAY IS GOOD ENOUGH.

Folks talk about the olden time,
Give me the good old now,
When women wear headgear that climb
High o'er her shaded brow.

When men can go most anywhere
These hot days in shirtwaists,
Christenin's, or church, or theatre,
An' be in splendid taste,

When boys around fifteen are men,
At eighteen out o' sight,
An' little 'bove the age of ten,
The girls are women quite.

When preachers don't talk hours, then wish
They'd only just begun
To speak of Jonah's hungry fish,
An' Samson's foxy fun.

But 'spose I had lived way back there,
In that old time you praise,
I shouldn't now, you see, be here
Spendin' these bloomin' days.

When autos split the air like wings,
An' ships sail over head;
It pains me now to think of things
I'll miss when I am dead.

Well, you can praise the mighty past,
The now to me is good;
An' 'pon my word, if I could last
A thousand years I would.
—Philadelphia Press.

MERELY JOKING.

The Safe Position.

He: "But I tell you what it is, Maude; if your father is at all unreasonable I shall put my back to the wall and—"

She: "Keep it there. That would be the safest position."—Kansas City Journal.

Speaking Briefly.

"I am afraid you would marry a fool if he asked you."

"Is that a proposal?"—Illustrated Bits.

Bad to Worse.

"So he's a bore! Does he tell old jokes?"

"Oh, worse than that. He tells original ones."—Life.

A Dangerous Manner.

That man says he will create some real excitement if he gets into Congress."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "he is one of those peculiar patriots who want to climb on board the ship of state simply for the pleasure of rocking the boat."—Washington Star.

Changed Conditions.

"Before we were married," sighs the trusting wife, "you vowed that my slightest wish should be law."

"Hah!" snifted the brutal husband, without looking up from the magazine. "If you read the papers you'd know there isn't any respect for law nowadays."—Judge.

A Sure Cure.

Mrs. Crawford: "Did you manage to coax your doctor to recommend a trip to that mountain resort you wished to visit?"

Mrs. Crabshaw: "Yes; but I can't go, for I couldn't get him to add that a few new dresses would do me a world of good."—Puck.

INCIDENTALLY MENTIONED.

MR. J. M. BARRIE has declined the honor of knighthood, Mr. Barrie's keen sense of humor never fails him, apparently.—Washington Herald.

* * *

"Joy Riders Hit a Water Wagon." It is not necessary to say that the joy riders were not on the vehicle mentioned.—New York Evening Post.

* * *

Zeppelin goes the original flying Dutchman one better.—Baltimore American.

* * *

In picking Bethmann-Hollweg for his successor as chancellor, perhaps Von Buelow is paying off an old grudge.—Washington Post.

* * *

A Philadelphia man was sent to jail for a month for trying to flirt. There seems to be a penalty for any kind of activity in that town.—Houston Post.

* * *

A man says Thaw convinced him he was sane by arguing against free silver. Respectfully referred to W. J. B. for consideration.—Baltimore News.

"MANN AGAINST MANN."

Ex-Governor Cameron Gives Some Facts of History.

Colonel James Mann's two pleas in defense of Judge Mann are equally inapposite. No Democrat, recognized as such by the party authorities, supported General Mahone for the Senate in either House of the General Assembly. All persons professing allegiance to the Readjuster organization, as formed at Mozart Hall, in Richmond, in the early spring of 1879, were formally read out of the Democratic party by the Democratic Central Committee at a meeting held subsequent to that convention. The Democrats nominated candidates for the Legislature, the Readjusters put up opposing candidates, and when the Legislature met after the election the line was as strictly drawn as it had been in previous times between the Democrats and the Republicans. The Democratic caucus put up Colonel Withers for the Senate. The Readjuster caucus nominated Mahone. No Democrat voted for Mahone; no Readjuster voted for Withers. In June, 1879, Judge Mann wrote to Dr. Joseph W. Southall (according to a quotation made by Colonel Mann from Judge Mann's letter-book): "I am a Conservative in politics, and intend to act with the Conservative party." "I cannot see the necessity of forming a new party on the debt question"—and yet, November 28 of the same year, was writing to General Mahone, the candidate of "a separate party" for the United States Senate, saying:

"I write now to say that, while much preferring that you should be our Governor, I shall nevertheless rejoice in your election to the Senate.

"I talked with Dr. H. H. Dyson and Archer Scott, 'our representatives' previous to the election, and found them both favorable to you personally."

Both Dyson and Scott were Republicans, and the latter a negro.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

STRICT WATCH ON IMMIGRANTS.

The New Commissioner Is Enforcing the Laws and Is Barring Undesirables.

When Mr. Williams, succeeding Watchorn, returned to his post as Commissioner of Immigration he announced that the provisions of the law governing exclusions and deportations would be enforced under him with more rigor and thoroughness. He thought that too many undesirables had been permitted to enter the New York gate, contrary to the spirit of the law, and that a change was necessary.

There is considerable room for discretion and personal opinion in the interpretation of the provisions in question. Aliens "likely to become a public charge" must be excluded, but the status gives no tests or definitions for the guidance of the authorities. Mr. Williams had the right to raise the standards of inspection, and the only question is whether he has not, as some already charge, erred unduly on the side of severity.

There has been a marked increase in the number of exclusions and deportations. In ten days 668 aliens were ordered deported, and many of the adverse rulings were grounded solely on the insufficiency of funds in the pockets of the arrivals. The steamship companies have been warned not to bring over emigrants who have no means for the tiding over of the first, the most difficult, period of searching for employment in a new land. But what are sufficient means? Commissioner Williams denies that he has laid down a flat rule against the passing of any one having less than $25 on arrival, but, on the other hand, he justly says that some "debilitated" heads of families with a capital of $600 are very poor applicants for admittance.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Courts of Europe

By La Marquise de Fontenoy.

Recalls Kidnapping Story.

OLD LORD RIPON'S death last week serves to recall the narrow escape which he had of being kidnapped while viceroy of India, and of which I can find no mention in his obituaries. It was in connection with the so-called Gilbert bill, a measure providing that native district magistrates and session judges should enjoy the same jurisdiction over Europeans as exercised by the English members of the judiciary and civil service. No measure proposed can ever be said to have aroused the European community in India to such an extent. The viceroy was personally insulted, and all the non-official portion of the English community in India inaugurated against him a severe boycott, going even to the length of "cutting" Lady Ripon when they met her out driving.

The most extraordinary feature of the agitation, however, was the formation of a conspiracy by which a number of leading Anglo-Indians bound themselves in the event of the government adhering to the bill (the real author of which was not Lord Ripon, nor Sir Courtenay Ilbert, but Sir Ashley Eden) to overpower the sentries at government house, Calcutta, to kidnap the viceroy and to ship him off to England by way of the Cape of Good Hope, a tramp steamship having been actually chartered for the purpose. As the measure did not become law, and as the project to kidnap the viceroy was not put into execution, the government preferred to ignore the entire affair, and to take no steps towards the punishment of the conspirators, though records of the plot exist in the official archives at Calcutta and in the India office in London.

Lord Ripon's viceroyalty in India will likewise be remembered in connection with his queer dispute with General "China" Gordon, whom he had taken out to India as his private secretary. Even before they reached Calcutta, they fell out with one another. Lord Ripon had directed General Gordon to write to one of the native dignitaries of Bombay to acknowledge his receipt of a pamphlet, and to say that he (Lord Ripon) had perused it with interest. General Gordon, who was aware that Lord Ripon had not even cut the pages of the pamphlet, much less read it, declined to write anything of the kind, although it was pointed out to him that the acknowledgment which he was asked to write was merely of a perfunctory order—a species of "facon de parler." The general, however, declined to see the matter in this light, declared that he could never accustom himself to these white lies of social and political usage and threw up his lucrative and important private secretaryship at a moment's notice, returning to Europe to subsequently perish at the hands of the Dervishes at Khartoum.

The new Marquis of Ripon is treasurer of Queen Alexandra's household, and has been for years as intimate a friends of the King as his wife, hitherto known as Lady de Grey, has been to Queen Alexandra. The fortune to which he succeeds is very large, amounting to some $500,000 a year, the estates in Yorkshire extending over an area of 25,000 acres. The patronymic is Robinson, and the family was founded by William Robinson, Lord Mayor of York, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and who carried on a very large trade with Hamburg. His son was likewise Lord Mayor of York and his grandson member of Parliament for the city. Indeed, in each generation until the middle of the eighteenth century the head of the Robinson family was identified with the city of York, either as its chief magistrate or as its member of Parliament.

Sir William, the first baronet of the line and Lord Mayor of York, married the daughter of George Aislable, of Studley Royal, near Ripon. It was owing to this alliance that Studley Royal eventually came into the family of Lord Ripon, on the death, just a hundred years ago, of Miss Georgiana Aislable, the last of the family. Its best known member was her grandfather, John Aislable, who remains on record as having, while Chancellor of the Exchequer, promoted and passed through Parliament the bill for the enterprise eventually known as "the South Sea Bubble," and which, according to him, was destined to enable the government to liquidate and pay off the national debt. The collapse of this extraordinary scheme and the wholesale ruin which followed in its wake drove him from office, landed him in the Tower of London as a prisoner of state, and on his release he retired to Studley Royal, where he spent the remainder of his days, in a considerable amount of seclusion, devoting himself to his superb garden and retaining sufficient money to be enabled to purchase the adjoining Fountains Abbey estate.

There is nothing worthy of any particular attention at Studley Royal, save the shooting. But the Fountains Abbey ruins, now comprised in Lord Ripon's property, are of wonderful interest. The abbey owed its foundation to Saint Bernard, the author and composer of that so widely popular and well-known hymn commencing with "Jerusalem, the golden." Saint Bernard was born in the eleventh century, at a place called Fontaine, in Burgundy, and after creating the Cistercian monastery of Clairvaux, brought into existence no less than a hundred other Cistercian monasteries, of which Fountains Abbey, deriving its name from his birthplace in Burgundy, was the most dear to him. In course of time Fountains Abbey became known as the most enlightened school of thought in medieval Christendom, and its stately church renowned as one of the noblest fanes of Europe. Henry VIII., who ruined so many abbeys, intended to spare Fountains. He proposed that it should become the cathedral of a great diocese which he had planned out for Lancaster. But its enormous wealth proved too much for his cupidity, and he ended by confiscating it, selling its buildings and lands to Sir Richard Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange in London.

Nothing but the ruins remain of the abbey and of the various buildings, but they are among the most exquisitely picturesque ruins in Europe, the gray arches rising among century-old trees from mounds covered with lawns kept like velvet. The nave, with its twenty-two bay windows, dating from 1147, the transept of the same age, the choir and lady chapel, the refectory, 100 feet long and 50 feet wide; the Hall of Pleas, the Chapter House, the Calfactorium, all roofless, and the great cloisters, 300 feet long and 40 feet wide, divided by a row of nineteen columns; the graceful arcade work, are all guarded and tended, until Fountains Abbey becomes more than a ruin. Indeed, it is like a noble poem breathing the spirit of the great days of the past.

Not far off is the so-called "Anne Boleyn's Chair," where the gay Queen waited for her Bluebeard husband, Henry VIII., while he was pacing up and down the cloister with Sir Richard Gresham. At the time of the late Lord Ripon's conversion to the Church of Rome it was believed that he would set to work to rebuild Fountains Abbey and restore it to the Cistercian Order, to which it belonged until the time of the Reformation. But he was possessed of too keen an artistic sense not to realize that any attempt to tamper with these ruins, or even to reroof the roofless abbey and buildings, would be nothing short of an act of vandalism.

The new Lord Ripon has no children, so that his father's honors are doomed to early extinction. Lady Ripon has a daughter by her former marriage with the late Lord Lonsdale—namely Lady Juliet, who is married to Robin Duff, eldest son and heir of Assheton-Smith, the multi-millionaire owner of Vaynol.

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State Editors on the Mann-Mahone Letters

Damaging to the Judge.

The first letter is damaging to Judge Mann, because it not only shows that the judge was a warm personal supporter of Mahone—which would have been nothing remarkable in days before Mahone fully revealed himself in the Senate of the United States—but shows also that the judge took into his political confidence the colored Readjuster-Republican who was a delegate in the Legislature from Nottoway county.—Norfolk Landmark.

Nothing Discreditable to Mann.

There is not a scintilla of evidence in those letters discreditable to Judge Mann as a Democrat or as a man, and their publication thirty years after the event discloses no more reason for censure at the hands of the Democrats of 1909 than was known to the Democrats of 1879-'80, and accepted by them as in strict conformity with all that was regular and proper. The whole matter is simply a play of cheap politics to the galleries, an appeal to passion and ignorance. No sensation in political campaigning has ever fallen so flat; no device of demagogulism has ever been more puerile and paltry. It is a fine stroke of policy, common-sense and self-respect on Mr. Tucker's part that he disavows all knowledge or participation in the intention to use these letters for campaign purposes.—Petersburg Index-Appeal.

A Severe Blow to Mann.

The publication of the letters . . . was a pretty severe blow to the judge. Unless we read the signs awry we believe the chances of the good brother from Nottoway have been decidedly injured by the printing of these letters of sincere thanks and friendship from the present dyed-in-the-wool apostle of pure and undefiled Democracy to the astute politician who was the arch enemy of Jude Mann's party at the time he received his judicial honors.—Portsmouth Star.

"Let Judge Mann Explain."

It seems that Judge Mann will either have to own up that he was supporting General Mahone at this time or that he was practicing a lot of deception—the former much preferable and more to be commended. . . . What the people will dislike is Judge Mann's seeming discrepancy in what he has said on the stump and what his letters show. Let Judge Mann explain.—Suffolk Evening Herald.

The Hare and the Hounds.

The Judge Mann letters, recently published, may prove nothing against him, but they show pretty conclusively that during Readjuster times he was running with the hare and hunting with the hounds.—Alexandria Gazette.

"Judge Mann Won't Do."

One after another good reason appears for the rejection of Judge Mann's nomination by the Democratic party for the governorship of this State. . . .

The publication of the private letters of Judge Mann to General Mahone only emphasize that vulnerable feature of his political make-up that seizes opportunity, and enables him to appeal to the Democratic party as a candidate that recognizes "no allegiance to man or party." . . . There are thousands of Democrats in this State who have never failed in loyalty to the State organization who do not feel that the candidacy of Judge Mann should be urged, or his support be made a test of their political loyalty.

The leaders of the State organization should not attempt to force as a party candidate a man who declares that he owes "no allegiance to man or party."—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Are Creditable to Mann.

The letters written by Judge Mann to General Mahone, and which have been paraded by Tucker's stupid managers, are a credit both to the head and heart of the writer. But aside from this is it not time to let General Mahone's bones rest in peace?—Roanoke Times.

Will Not Be Explained Away.

The Tucker forces have got Judge Mann on the run again, and it is difficult to opine at this stage just where the machine candidate will bring up. . . . But the Mahone letters will not be readily explained away and will play a large part in the defeat of their writer in the Democratic primary on August 5.—Staunton Daily Leader.

Voice of the People

The John Marshall House.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have read with deep concern the article in your issue of the 10th inst., wherein it is seriously suggested that the residence of Chief Justice Marshall shall be torn down by the municipal authorities of Richmond in order to lessen the fire hazard to the houses in its vicinity, and to relieve the new High School of an obstruction which at present mars the appearance of that building. If such an untoward suggestion were consummated, it would not only offend the sensibilities of thousands of Virginians, but bring upon the city and State the well-merited criticism of thoughtful men wherever the life and achievements of the great Chief Justice are known and honored. Not only should Virginians guard with jealous care every memorial associated with the life and labors of John Marshall, but the people of Richmond owe a pre-eminent duty in this respect, because he was her foremost citizen. Of the great Virginians of the Revolutionary and Civil War periods John Marshall is alone closely identified with the life and history of our city.

Soon after the close of the Revolution John Marshall made Richmond his home. Here he achieved success as a lawyer. As the chosen representative of her people he took his place in the Virginia Convention of 1788, which ratified the Federal Constitution. Later they elected him their representative to Congress. Upon his appointment as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court he still retained his residence in Richmond, and for thirty-five years he not only presided over the court at Washington, but, during the same period, over the United States Circuit Court in this city. In 1829 the people of Richmond elected him to the State Constitutional Convention, thus again, by this popular verdict, emphasizing his identity with the city.

Richmond has many places of historic interest associated with Marshall's career. The halls in which assembled the Constitutional Conventions of which he was a member, the courtrooms in which he presided as judge, the church in which he habitually worshiped, are here, but above and beyond these this residence is most intimately associated with his life and labors and is to-day a veritable Mecca to which patriotic Americans turn with sentiments of pride and reverence. When the end came he was laid to rest in Shockoe Cemetery in the midst of the city of his adoption. His life was as simple, unostentatious and earnest as his achievements as a patriot and jurist were notable and enduring.

John Marshall is one of the Virginians who needs no monument to be erected, nor memorial to be preserved, to perpetuate his fame. The intelligence and patriotism of a people, however, are exemplified in the men whom they elect to honor. It would therefore be a reflection upon Virginia and her capital city if this venerable residence, filled with noble memories and inspiring ideals, should be destroyed.

The suggestion that the building increases the fire hazard of the vicinity can and should be promptly remedied by making such changes as will render it fireproof.

That its location upon the same square as the new High School mars the appearance of that building may be admitted, but the considerations heretofore referred to, and educational influence upon the minds of the people, far outweigh this disadvantage. It would be difficult to estimate the inspiration of this modest house upon the thousands of young people who in the years to come will fill the halls of this new High School. It will tell of a life rich in simple virtues and crowned with the noblest achievements. In the same spirit that Richmond erected, at the cost of $500,000, her new High School building, to stimulate the enthusiasm of her youth by its compelling appeal to their sense of beauty and proportion, so let her preserve this venerable house because of its ennobling influence upon their lives and hearts.

BEVERLEY B. MUNFORD.

Richmond, July 14.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I do not suppose that there is any real danger that the Marshall house will be pulled down, but there might be a chance if our people did not realize what a precious possession they have.

John Marshall was not only the most eminent man who has been a citizen of Richmond (for other great men have only lived here for a time), but he was one of the three or four greatest men America has produced. His fame among students of American institutions in Europe is perhaps, even greater than it is in the United States.

With the much-loved home of such a man remaining in our midst, and remaining practically unchanged, would it not seem that absolute madness must have seized any people who would destroy such a memorial? An act of vandalism like this would not only elicit a storm of execration now, but would be a subject of bitter regret for future generations of more enlightened Richmonders.

Many years ago the fine old house of John Hancock, in Boston, was destroyed, and not long since an official of the State told me that Massachusetts would now willingly give $500,000 if that could restore the historic house to its place. Boston knows better now. Not only historians and antiquarians (whose interest is a matter of course) but shrewd and successful business men know the value of these historic memorials. They know that, aside from any reverential and sentimental interest, these places are most valuable business assets. They bring tourists who spend thousands of dollars every year.

Take away the Marshall and Lee houses, the Confederate Museum, the old part of the Capitol, St. John's, Monumental and St. Paul's Churches, and a few of the monuments, and how many people traveling for pleasure would stop in Richmond? Not one-hundredth part of the number who come now. The interest of these places is wholly historic, wholly due to sentiment. They do not produce a dollar of themselves, yet the fact that they are here brings hundreds of thousands of dollars to the city. I know this is a low and ignoble argument, but it seems to be the only one which appeals to many people.

The secretary of the Mutual Assurance Company states that the Marshall house was insured in that company in 1796, so this venerable building has the additional interest of being one of the oldest houses in Richmond.

I believe that the talk of its being in very bad condition is utter nonsense. It is true that the walls need painting and that the roof may need protection against fire, but the walls are very thick, and I have no doubt that there is enough splendid old timber in the roof to build the frame of a modern house and to support any necessary weight. If tin is unsightly it seems that a tile roof would be perfectly in keeping with the house.

John Marshall was, in the opinion of many, the greatest jurist of the English speaking world. His fame is world-wide and his home a venerable shrine to all who know him and his work. Richmond cannot do a thing which will bring upon it universal odium and which in future generations will make its name a synonym for ignorance, irreverence and vandalism.

W. G. S.

Richmond, July 14.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—It is with a sympathetic interest that I have read your recent editorial on the preservation of the historic landmarks of Richmond. The generation which through personal knowledge, legend or tradition, knows of these landmarks is fast passing away; hence for the preservation of these valued landmarks the interest of the future citizens of the city must be awakened; and this interest must be aroused by means of accurate information as to such buildings, localities and other objects of historic value. It has been both a matter of surprise and disappointment to me in talking with the present generation of Richmond boys to find that of the historic points with which their city abounds, they know practically nothing. On the other hand, when a boy, along with my associates, weekly excursions were often made, not only to the conspicuous historic points, but even to those of comparatively minor interest.

To educate this much to be desired interest; to make the boy and girl who in the future will determine the preservation or destruction of historic buildings and homes and sites, and to render the historic importance of Richmond a fact rather than a theory, something vital rather than academic is essential. In this connection I can suggest nothing better than a reprint of a work published some years ago, entitled, "Walks Around Richmond." It was really a valuable work, forming for the boys of my day a guide book to the historic places of the city. I do not recall the author of this book nor have I a copy, but the latter could be found, I am sure, at the State Library. In my day it was a popular gift book and was eagerly read. I can but believe that a reprint of this book and its dissemination amongst the boys and girls of Richmond will create both now and for the future that interest which you so laudably endeavor to stimulate.

H. W.

July 13.